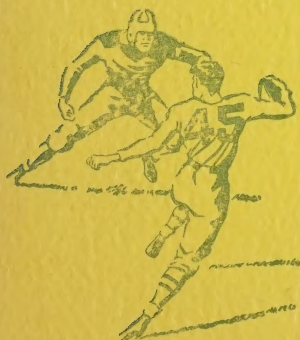


# MOUNTAIN ECHOES

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

LIBRARY



Volume 9

Aug. 1960

Number 12

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## ADMINISTRATION

C.E. DesRosiers

Warden

J. Wickey

Deputy Warden

A.E. Steele

Chief Keeper

## CENSUS

July 13 — Aug. 18

|                  |      |
|------------------|------|
| High number      | 8125 |
| Low number       | 4739 |
| Received         | 8    |
| Transferred In   | 0    |
| Transferred Out  | 0    |
| Discharged       | 18   |
| Tickets-Of-Leave | 9    |
| Deported         | 0    |
| Escapes          | 1    |
| Deaths           | 1    |
| Population       | 394  |



MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.





# Mountain Echoes

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Volume 9

August 1960

No. 12

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Business Manager: E.J. Albertini

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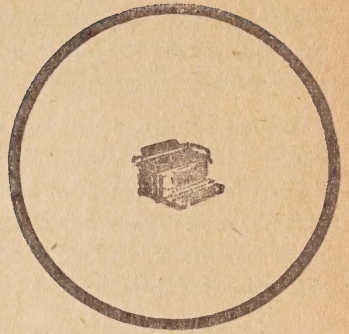
**Photo-engraving Courtesy of The Winnipeg Tribune, Wpg. Man.**

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# EDITORIAL



One of our brother Canadian Penal Magazines recently published an article titled, "Why Have Penal Publications?". The magazine, the C.B. DIAMOND, told its readers about their job of reporting the improvements in the Vocational Training program. I agree with them that this is one of their duties, we will soon be using some of those articles in the MOUNTAIN ECHOES. They did not however, tell their readers that that was the whole job, and it is not. I will try to elaborate on the matter somewhat.

People receiving these publications would like to know a little about the recreation program we have. The sports events, concerts and the visits by various dignitaries have to be reported. This tends to give the public a little more insight as to what is done here to help the inmate. Still that is not all of the job. The public would like to know something about the inmates personality. This is a little different and harder to accomplish.

By writing articles, short stories, poetry etc., the inmates reveal their inner feelings to the public. You might find a short story about life in the slums, the true story about an inmate only written with the characters seemingly fictitious. If a man wants, he can make the story humorous. A lot of the writers do.

Matters pertaining to the general public can be discussed. No matter what the topic, as long as it is not too controversial, it can be used by inmates to write an article. These articles are hard to write and a lot of them do not get past the censors office. We know we have censorship, but it is discouraging at times, but the ones that do pass are interesting, and are avidly read by our subscribers.

I think the matter of what the Penal Press is for can be summed up with a few lines from the front of our magazine. "The Penal Press is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for the discussion of public problems."

What is your opinion on this? We would welcome any letters from our readers telling us what they think, about the Penal Press.



# A YOUNG MAN'S IDOL

*Bobby Horan*

With his eyes alert for railroad dicks, he slipped through the maze of box-cars. The noise from the neighboring factories penetrated the cloud alcohol had cast over his mind. It hadn't always been like that, but lately he was drunk more than he was sober. Before long he found himself deep in the jungle.

He lay his tired body beside the still burning fire, and allowed himself to drift deep into slumberland. The sky was pitted with stars when he awoke. The last embers of the fire had died, and the dampness of the night chilled his feeble body. He lay there for a few moments, to savour the sweet thoughts passing through his mind. He always had sweet memories while in the process of awakening—memories of days long ago, when things were better.

"Are you awake?" a voice questioned.

Immediately he became aware of his surroundings, and readied himself for action. His body became tense.

"Who is it?" he asked. His eyes pierced the darkness and finally focused on a handsome kid about nineteen. The kid's eyes sparkled in the darkness, and in them he detected friendliness. His fear of a railroad cop vanished—and with it, his tenseness. "Yeah!" he exclaimed, "I'm awake."

"Tell me Pop, how long will it be until I can catch a freight train headed west?"

"There's one leavin' 'bout seven-ten in the morning," he answered indifferently. "Might as well make yourself comfortable til then," and as an afterthought he added, "If you can."

"Thanks," the kid murmured. He settled down in the dew soaked grass for a four hour wait.

He was a little peeved about having to wait so long and silently cursed his bad luck. 'Who knows,' he thought, 'by that time I could change my mind.' But as soon as the thought came he pressed it down. His mind was made up, and that was that.

He recalled the tears of sorrow his mother had shed when he told her he was going to make his living with his fists. But no mother wants her son to become a professional fighter. That's only natural.

He shivered as the fresh dew soaked through his blue jeans and wished he was tucked securely in his bed. 'To bad I never had the money to go in style,' he thought, "but the main thing is my ability to handle myself. Once they see how I fight, I'll be in.' And he sure knew how to fight! Ever since his twelfth birthday, he held the imaginary title of being the toughest kid in the neighborhood—bar none. On several occasions he had to prove his right to the title. When he fought in the amateurs, he licked everything they put him up against. On one occasion, he was even compared with the great 'Cuffy' Allen. That, he felt, was the nicest compliment ever paid him.



Cuffy sure knew how to fight," he thought, and as he lay there in the chill of early morning, he recalled all the stories he heard about Cuffy. How he licked Rocky Marcino in two rounds—not to mention the sensational first round knock-out over Pancho Martinez. Yes sir, Cuffy was tops, he was "the most ring-wise fighter ever," one reporter had put it. The kid agreed with the reporter wholeheartedly, and adopted Cuffy as his secret Idol.

As the kid lay there, he studied the tramp who lay to his left. He was sleeping again and the kid wondered how a man could sleep when it was so cold. He thought of starting a fire, but decided it might attract someone. He settled back to his thoughts.

"I wonder how long it will be until I can fight a main event?" he asked himself. "Probably be a couple of years but I'm still young." He recalled how Cuffy fought as the main event wherever he went. For a moment he wondered where Cuffy was now, and decided he was living it up somewhere. He always did like a good time and he had the money to have it. He fought for a lot of big purses in his day.

Once again his thoughts drifted back to his immediate surroundings. The tramp was tossing restlessly and finally woke up.

"Hey kid," he murmured, "have you got a smoke?"

The kid lit one and placed it the hand of the shaky old man. He accepted it graciously and took a few drags.

The kid glanced at his watch and saw that it was nearing train time. "Where is the best spot to board it Pop?" he asked.

With a few words of instruction from the old man, he headed towards the spot where he would get aboard. When he disappeared, the old man was once again alone. Alone with his memories. And he relived the days when he, Cuffy Allen was the best Welterweight around.



## RED CROSS CLINIC SEPTEMBER 1ST



# FROM UNDER BROWN'S DERBY!

John the Square



To swing, or not to swing. That is the "hanger". Lately people have been saying, "I dug your column, but like what did you say?" Well either I'm too far out, or they're too close in. Anyway I'm going to cool it a bit.

---

There is a hospital here, but sometimes one of us shut-ins comes up with a serious case which must be sent downtown to a city hospital. Recently, our Middleweight champion was taken to Winnipeg General Hospital for a very delicate eye operation, which as every kitty in here knew was a touch and go thing, and the cat could blow his right lamp. So everyone sat back and held his breath waiting to see how Gerard would make out. It took a couple of weeks and back he came from successful surgery and everybody wanted to know, how was that eye? but all Gerry had to say was how swell the personnel at Gen treated him, and most important, the nice things the Nurses did for him. I have heard similar remarks made in the past, but it never hit home: but as Gerry has the cell to my left, and is my friend and neighbor, the whole matter became a personal one. So my heartfelt thanks to those who made his hospital stay a happy one: Miss Enid Adamson; Miss Colleen Cooper; Miss Doris Jensen; Miss Dona Bailey; Miss Beverly Robertson, and a very special thanks to Miss Agnes Hein. You are remembered for the lovely flowers and for your genuine sympathy and kindness, that you showed toward a lad who was a stranger and very far from home.

---

I guess I've made myself an enemy. For the past few months a certain cat has been showing me pictures of his real "foxy" chick. The other day he had some pics showing her at the beach, in the usual poses and the "sitting-on-the-blanket bit. The funny part of the deal was that there wasn't nobody but her shown in each of the pics. So being a cynic, I had to ask him who took the pics, and the cat ain't spoke to me since.



Huey Long just about had a deal set to sell his like-new Corvair, but the deal fell through at the last moment.

---

McLean Magazine caused quite a ripple in the pool with that bit about the proposed lengthening of visits to "All day-affairs-in-picnic-like surroundings." **HAPPY FOURTH OF JULY !!** This proposal includes Minimum Security Federal Buckets... ie, no walls or guns. Some residents here profoundly believe that this includes us, and speculation as to where Mr. D., will build the picnic grounds is rampant. I have but one thing to say....On the day this happens, the entire population will be awakened by five white blackbirds, singing, "There's no more work for poor old Ned" accompanied by George Shearing and his swinging five.

---

No matter what jail I hit, either the chief keeper or the deputy warden is supposed to have said, "If you see three inmates talking together, one of them is mine." Granted there are some finks in every jail, but I for one refuse to believe that they enjoy that high a ratio of any prison population. I also suspect that this statement is as old as a nickel glass of beer, and just as extinct.

---

Parole is very much in the air again, and lately there have been some nice "jokers" made by mountaineers. If only "they'd" allow temporary compassionate paroles, at the Warden's discretion, to permit a con to attend family funerals....

---

Greetings and Salutations:

#### COAST:

To; J.B., Earl Allard, G. Arnett, J. Seminoff, J. Bryson at Westminster, from Chip. Patsy from JB.

#### FLATS

To; Vince Manisterski, Teddy Beck, Paul Skitch, Sweeney, at P.A. from Ray Merasity. Archie Ward, Jerry Beckett, from Tom Girdle. Jack McKenzie, at P.A., from Jack McKay. Ralph Alex, from Jerry Huppe. Gil Patrick from Jim Munroe. James Bruce(Frisco)Frazer, and Al(cleaner?) Wey from me, how is "Shorts" Al? Fat Doug and Little Tony at Headingly provincial from,crocodile and Slim Rich. Brother R, from Richie. To Alice M. from Weary Willie. Happy Birthday to Leslie, from Uncle Don. Got your sub., Doc, glad to see you spring with a buck. Richie. From us five to Randi Villiers, and the 17 plus. We hope you're feeling better.

#### EAST:

To; Jim Nobess at K.P., from Moose. Moe Phillion from Just Left George. Real Desnoyers, Albert Gee, Sonny McLeod at the Bay, from Ed Councilman Hashka. Bill Parsons at D.P., from G. Sullivan. Happy Birthdays to Joyce and Ricky.



# YOUR OPINION PLEASE

For many years it has been said that there is a law for the rich and a law for the poor. Currently, a rich man is on trial for his life. In the case of Dr. Bernard Finch, do you think he will be convicted and executed, despite his wealth?



Gerard DeTonnancourt: I believe this completely wrong. Essentially, it is the same law, but it is just that the rich man has more wealth, and with this wealth he can afford to get the best lawyers, who are able to go deep into the intricacies of law, and finding some obscure point which may delay or change the course of the trial or execution. Chessman was an exception, and if he hadn't had the money his books made I doubt if he'd have lasted that long. The poor often rely on the mercies of the courts, and in the case of Dr. Finch, I believe he will be convicted on a lesser count, and sentenced to life. Of this he will serve from 5 to 10 years.



John George: He may be convicted on a charge with a degree that does not demand the mandatory death sentence.



Ken Bevan: In my opinion, Mr. Finch will not be executed. I believe that everyone has the same rights, but you will find in most cases that the man who does not have the means to make use of his rights, will receive the greater punishment. That is why Dr. Finch will not be executed. He has the means to assure him of his rights.



Stan Nash: Ah! A good question, but I'm afraid that your information is slightly erroneous. I have read where Dr. Finch has retained two lawyers at a considerable expense. With the expenses incurred for his first trial, combined with those of his second, it is doubtful that he will be a rich man at its conclusion. My opinion is that the then destitute Doctor will be executed.

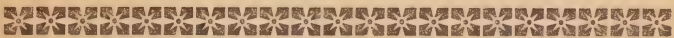




Phil Boiley: This case has had considerable publicity, what with the Doll mixed in it, and that marathon hung jury. I'd say that they just about have to gas Finch. They'd lose too much face if they didn't after the Chessman debacle. As for the Doll, she'll hit the street. What else?



Ken Ducharme: He's gonna go for all his lines against them lawyers, and if he pulls up lame, I'd rather have his life insurance in my name than a winning sweepstake ticket.



Dave Keechie: I could say it in a nut-shell and still have room for echoes. Not Guilty, of course.



Paul Severight: I for one will bet, nay, I will give odds, that the good Doctor will never see the gas chamber.



Christy Brown: You're putting me on. I haven't seen any rich men in here or any other bucket I've been through. He'll hit the street.



Vern Wolfe: They're going to reduce it to manslaughter, murder 2 or 3 as they call it on the other side, and it'll be just a matter of time until he's out again.



Rock Danton: I'd rather have a million bucks and be charged with murder than have a hundred and charged with robbery. Finch, in my opinion, is as secure as a babe in arms.



Jerry Huppie: Because of the public opinion, which is strongly against Doctor Finch, it is my firm belief that he will be convicted, but of a lesser charge. It is to be understood, that every day in our police courts, people with wealth have had more charges dismissed than the poor as stated in the above question.







# THE IDLE HOURS

*Bob Maltman*

You trudge to your cell, the time is four-thirty,  
You glance at the walls so dark and so dirty.  
You turn to the bars, all brown with rust,  
You let down your lid and brush off the dust.  
When your supper is gone, you set aside the tray,  
Then lay back and think of the good yesterday.  
The days you were free to do as you wished,  
The good times you had, and the ones that you missed.  
You think of your friends and wonder whats on,  
No mail for three weeks! Has something gone wrong?  
You imagine the worst but pray for the best,  
You close your sad eyes and seek blessed rest.  
You know it's in vain, to let thoughts run away,  
That the aching inside is in there to stay.  
Yet you hold yourself, and try to forget,  
But forget you can't, so you lay there and fret.





# DEAR EDITOR;



Oh justice an' ain't it a sad lookin' sight I'm seein'? When in jumpin' blue moscow does thet there sunshine come 'round to this place? Pardon me Mr. Ed., but I'm sittin' here lookin' in the mirror an' the kisser thet's lookin' back at me is as pale as the stuffin' them there hens put in eggs. Here I've been roamin' 'round this here corral all summer, nearly nothin' on an' the only color I got is the red spots them there sand specks made when they bounced off my hide. An' you know what? If I get paroled lookin' like this I'll scare all them there people in Winnipeg 8 to death. Thinkin' 'bout thet 8 place an' nothin' on makes me wish I could lay these tired eyes on thet neat little "Tidy" with a little bathing suit on. Man alive! Man alive!!! Hurry up 61 fer gawd awful sakes hurry up! Okay? Okay, hurry up.

Theres a guy 'round the A-3 range Mr. Ed. thet got a beanographer—thets somethen' like a telegrapher, only it's propelled by beans, 'an he keeps sendin' messages to Vancouver an' Halifax. There ain't nothin' wrong with thet 'cept thet the other tenderfeet keep sendin' messages back to him. "Hey Guard, will ya open thet there window? Yeah! Thanks." Now where was I? Oh yeah, if I had a beanographer like thet I would send a message out to my little sweetheart. But I ain't got one so I'm gonna say hello right here. Okay? Okay. "Hello sweetheart, how are ya? Okay? Okay."

I'm remembering a Saskatchewan Lawyer thet used to holler in the courts 'bout "man's inhumanity to man," whatever thet is. An' I'm thinkin' as how thet Deaf Government could do somethin' 'bout it by lettin' us prisoners, thet don't have no relations to write to, write to somebody outside the walls thet ain't no relations to us. Anyhow, maybe thet's too big a thing fer thet government to do. An' oh justice, maybe I shouldn't of even mentioned it 'cause come next election time—they might go promising to do it. An' if they do thet it's a dead ringer lead pipe cinch thet nothin' will ever be done 'bout it.

Thinkin' 'bout thet Deaf government reminds me of thet there income tax guy in Ottawa. I got a letter from thet there guy, Mr. Editor, an' I ain't got no offishul lookin' papers to answer it on so I wonder if you would print my answer on thet there paper you got. Okay? Okay. Heres the letter.

To: The National Revenuemanever,  
Ottawa, Canada.

Sir;

I got your letter 'bout my income tax jest the other day, "This is a final warning. Sam you better pay!" I folded it so neatly, kept ot from the sun and draft. Today I took it to the out-house an' now I got to laugh!

Truthfully Yours,  
Slipshod Sam





# "It Seems To Me...."

Richie Richardson

...that modern music has gone to the proverbial dogs. This Conway Twitty and these other current crazes, are to say the least "smelly". Now back in the good old days when I was a Fingerpoppin teener, we had such musical masterpieces as "Sixteen Ton" and "The Rock Island Line". Now that was music to dream by.

\*\*\*\*\*  
...that I was real broken up to hear the "THUD" picked up one of those year bits. Broken up cause gall darn he beats me out again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
...that the Winnipeg theatre people should be heartily congratulated for the homage they recently paid to the ageing Bill Moore. A little before my time but I have heard that the same Mr. Moore was the backbone of Winnipeg Vaudville in his hey-day.

\*\*\*\*\*  
...that Ye Olde Editor Hambone has a real money making little enterprise going for him nowadays. His motto "Shake the hand that shook the hand of Davy Fulton."

\*\*\*\*\*  
...that I was very sorry to hear that our Middleweight champion had to forgo his ring career due to a operation to his eye for a detached retina. Gerry was one of the best boxer punchers ever to step into the squared circle at Stony Lonesome. Gerry was in to tell the Echoes staff of the good care taken of him by all the good looking nurses at the Winnipeg General, maybe that is excuse enough to give up boxing

\*\*\*\*\*  
...that you pretty well have to be a Engineer to get on the committee around this old Bastille. Did ev'ryone dig the Committee diligently fixing the outside canteen shack. Could be this is Hashka's recipe for all those muscles he has been displaying.

\*\*\*\*\*  
...that Rock Danton of all people should not go around offering advice on how to grow hair and other such thinge. Three weeks and dear John.

\*\*\*\*\*  
...that some of the Monthly magazines will go to any end to sell subscriptions. Recently was reading in a couple of them new evidence that C. Chessman was actually innocent and should not have been executed. I go for this should not have been executed jazz but as far as any evidence pertaining to his innocence I can't see. Do you suppose for one moment that all those high priced lawyers of his left any stone unturned to save him?

\*\*\*\*\*  
...that we could do with a few more visits from Mr. Fulton, like man I



really dig those veal cutlets.

...that it would have created quite a stir if after Floyd Pattersons great show in regaining the heavyweight crown he had hung a sign on his dressing room door, "All second-guessors and fair weather friends not welcome."

...that if some of the outside print shops have some old 10 point Caslon type that they can spare, we of the Echoe staff would be more than deeply grateful for some. As you can see the type we are now using is ready for the melting pot.

...that at long last our good friend Armand is leaving us via the Ticket-Of-Leave route. Armand has served 15 years of a life sentence and is now on his long way home. Army has been one of S.M.P.'s top athletes; best quarter-back and broken field runner in football, the Willie Mays of the All-star Giant outfield a better than average hockey player and a top track and field man. All the luck in the world buddy, from your many friends here.

...that our in the middle of a street was a silly place for a tree anyway.

...that our little buddy Hughie Long really got a raw deal. Here he is knocking off a two bagger for a little old safe, now they are offering a thousand dollars for the man that can open the same "pete" and they give you the first number. Hughie you should have stood in bed.

...that the laugh of the month has to do with our old buddy Nikita, now get this, here is this old hard-rock whopping it up at a party and the Mrs. decides he has had enough giggle-juice so she lugs him off home to recuperate. Who is the boss-stud in the Kremlin now? I guess poor old Nikita is no better off than the average husband.

...that this will be the last month we will have the Flin Flon kid, Hutchie with us. Hurch will be heading back to the home of the Memorial Cup (1957 variety) to try and cheer the Bombers into contention. Why don't you move to Brandon where they have real hockey?

...that with the election coming up down yonder, we have been hearing what so and so is going to do if elected. Now I would think that the only platform would be to try and deal with Russia and Cuba for World peace. I don't know about the rest of the people in this old World but I want to stay around and live to a ripe old age.

...that I should send greetings to Doug and Richie with those pesky little year-bits. You beat me this time but don't try another one.

...that I think this new parole system may be all right after they get the kinks ironed out, the only beef is on such short tickets for men serving a long sentence. I would think that they could do better than 9 months to 1 year on 20 year sentences

...that if Nina can keep Nikita in line for another month will be around in September. Bye B: . . .

# *Reform, Instead of Revenge*

*Is it being accomplished?*

---

*Bobby Horan*

Lately, we serving time in federal penitentiaries have been the centre of much public attention. We read in the papers where men guilty of every type of crime conceivable are preparing themselves for a better life in the free society.

In place of the old and ineffective program we find trade training, correspondence courses, school, and public relations courses. The new system is designed to help us anti-social beings to change from what we are to what we should and often want to be.

During the past three years I have seen changes made. Not big changes mind you, but surely things have improved. Even the most pessemistic of us must admit some progress.

The old system of revenge is dying a slow death and I, for one, will shed no tears at its funeral. I can't think of one useful purpose this system ever served. However, I'm quick to add it isn't quite dead. It is reluctant to give up the position it held for years, and this reluctance is doing much harm to the new and better approach. Let me explain how,

I suggest that although there have been improvements, they haven't been extensive enough. Because of lack of facilities, everyone doesn't get an equal opportunity to learn a trade. Those of us who are left out feel not only slighted but often bitter. While some men are reaping the benefits of the new program, others must content themselves with less. Those who miss out have good reason to be disappointed.

This bitterness seeps out of us in many ways. However, the most common and harmful channel is by discouraging those fortunate enough to get a chance. Sarcastic labels such as "Brown-noser" are placed on men and often they are guilty of nothing more than a desire to mend their ways. Some of the labels attached to certain individuals are justified, but by no means all of them. We must realize a man can reform and remain a "solid" guy.

I know many who want and need help but they won't go looking for it. These same men would gratefully accept the helping hand if it were extended to them but pride prevents them from reaching for it. They find it easier to cover their need beneath a false mask.



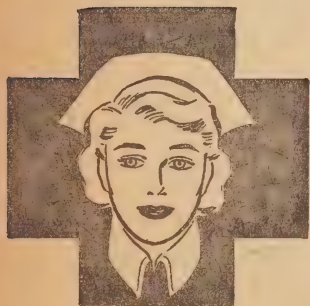
I'm sure that if the powers that be were to offer each and every one of us help and showed genuine interest in our problems, they would find us more willing to help ourselves. It is hard to seek assistance from someone who appears indifferent or disinterested.

Another thing that stands in the way of men who desire help is a fear of being turned down. Since it is impossible (for the time being) for all of us to learn trades, a few of us feel beat before we start. We decide the competition will be too stiff but won't admit it—not even to ourselves. It's easier to sit back and call those who compete names. It seems to justify our own laziness and it puts a respectable coat on our inferior feelings.

The task of men who want to better themselves isn't an easy one. In jail it is more difficult yet. With a little understanding and encouragement from the administration and their fellow inmates, the task could be made a lot lighter.

I would like to see trade training made available to all. This, I am sure, would eliminate much of the favouritism, disappointment, and jealousy now present. However, Rome wasn't built in a day so we'll have to content ourselves with what is available.

Let's make the most of it.



**RED CROSS**

**CLINIC**

**SEPTEMBER 1ST**

**THE LIFE YOU SAVE**



**MAY BE**



**YOUR OWN**

# INSIDE CHATTER



Regretfully, the 'big' news item of the past month has been classified as censurable material; and as a result, the column for this month will be limited to Inside Glimpses only.



Inside Glimpses: Ye old Editor eying that 18-foot wall with a speculative look. Understand the Mau Mau in South Equatorial Africa are being taught the fine old art of "nasty fighting;" and according to a certain Lil Plumber hereabouts, "their" teacher could well be his dear old Mother-in-law. (Bless her pointed little head!) Looks as if the bears are hittin' the sack early this year and the fact isn't sitting too well with Rock Danton—seems some "hibernatin' lout" is already denning in his lair. (And them's the 'bare' facts!) Wonder if the lessening of forest-fires out Ontario way can be attributed to Dave Windsor? They tell me Jerry DesRosier's in the market for a new cell, seems the old one is getting a mite crowded—what with the dust 'n all... Mitch Herman, still debating whether or not he should get a brush-cut... Read in the papers recently where they'd dug up a 70-million year old fossil out Saskatchewan way. Beats me how they mis-sed the 'cleaner' in B-2. For some really toothsome topics tho', give a listen to Kydeba and Kelly sometime up on the missing molar tier. (But yeth!) Nick McDonald, blissfully polishing up his inseparable garbage cans and then diligently—emptying 'em...

Cowboy Keachie, minus the 'big iron' but in full regalia, making the daily trek to the local weed patch... Spike Watcher, recuperating nicely from his knee operation but with nary a word 'bout pretty nurses. (Crossed you up, eh Spike?) Norm (Bullet) Nelson tossing the old pigskin high, wide 'n handsome on the local gridiron... Lloyd Isbister, back from the 'salt mines' and still bemoaning the quality of food served back thar... New song title for the B-3 crew—Bye Bye Copper. (hie!)

A big bouquet for P.T.I. Officer, Mr. Hancock, the guy went all out for usn's on field day...





# ALTERATION OF THE SITUATION

*John the Square*

Tired of rehabilitation

A convict dreamt of liberation

But he couldn't wait for expiration

So instead he got an inspiration

And he escaped the pen with much elation

And vanished into the vegetation

The prison guards searched with much vexation

The convicts prayed for his deliveration

The manhunt extended throughout the nation

And police held meetings of consternation

And spoke aloud of the con of imprecation

The escapee sought help from former association

But they not caring for implication

All advised him of capitulation

But recapture meant humiliation

Which was not to be given consideration

To leave the country was his only salvation

So disguised as a woman out of desperation

He entered a local railroad station

And purchased a ticket with jubilation

But a detective not fooled by prevarication

Arrested him prior to embarkation

So due to the policeman's observation

A magistrate with no hesitation

Extended the convict's prison duration

And he was returned to the prison administration

To contemplate his abberation

# BUSTED STRAIGHTS

# & FLUSHES

John the Square

"Shady" Shapiro and "Bermuda" Schwartz were inseparable partners and had been so for better than twenty stanzas. They were reputed to be the best "whiz mob" on the North American Continent, and to attest to their ability, this was their first 'bit'; but the funny part of it was they weren't doing time for picking pockets, and when I asked how come, Shady explained.

"For years we had it cush; we never pushed it, and we worded only 'red tips' like the N.H.L. playoffs, the Stampede, the C.N.E., and the races, but only the big ones like the Derby and the Queen's Plate, the Grey Cup, and if we're at home, the P.E. We had a set score for the day: a 'G-note' we win, and we 'tear down.' I am the 'mechanic' and no matter if the leather is in the 'pratt, britch' or 'pit', I will beat it and without a 'blade'. After I 'clout' it I 'weed' it to this dummy here and he 'powders' in case the sucker comes out of the 'ether', and I can hold still for a 'fan'. Now, when the 'lines' make a 'G-note', we 'tear down: 'Bermuda' has our 'grouch bag', and he knows at all times how much we got and as soon as we hit a 'G', he gives me the sign and we blow.

So, last spring, from Vegas we come back to Toronto for the Queen's Plate. In the bar we're sitting, and we see this 'egg' and is he flush? Such a roll he's flashing! So I say to this 'Mockie' of a partner of mine, that if we should make such a boodle like this sport is carrying, we can retire for the rest of the year.

In less time than it takes to tell, I 'clout' the marks 'leather' and 'weed' it to this 'Schlemiel' here, and he powders. About 15 minutes later he comes back, he don't use no signal: he walks up to me and he says in a quivering voice,

"Shady! Shady! From that mark we got fifty 'G's!' Fifty Thousand Dollars? Veyz Mir! 50 'G's'? So I ask him, Bist de mishugga? and he says "Twice I've counted it, and my Mother, God bless her, she should drop dead if there ain't 50 beautiful 'G's' in our 'grouch bag'.

So? What are we waiting for? Let's get outa here, I says to Shwartzzy, but he says, "Listen, never have I asked you to do me something, right? The other day on Spadina, I'm hearing talk of a horse, and such a runner! The 'railbirds' say he is a sure win."

I could hardly believe my ears! Was this my Shwartzzy talking? I asked who told him about the nag as I figured maybe he got his info from some 'stooper' or 'sheeter', but he says: "A 'C-note' I'll bet on the nose of this nag, and win or lose, we'll blow. What is a stinky C note when so much found money we got?"

Well, this I couldn't argue with, so I made him give me the grouch bag and off he went to bet this cinch win of his. Pretty soon he comes back, and we're standing there talking in Yiddish about what we're going to do with such a boodle, and while we're talking I see this young guy, and is he giving us a reading!, but then the horses come out to parade to the post, and a little of Shwartzies excitement rubbed off on me. Just before the race I could feel lamps burning into my



back, I rounded, and now there was three young guya standing there. One of them was pointing out some 'twist' to another, but the third guy was looking steadily at Shwartzie and me.

Right then I should have grabbed 'Bermuda' and powdered, but the race had started and this 'live' one of Shwartzies grabbed the lead. At the first turn the live one was three lengths ahead and pulling away yet. And coming into the stretch he was at least 10 lengths in front, and me and "Bermuda", was jumping up and down and hollering like two crazy men. Never in my life have I seen such a horse run! E.P. Taylor should have such a horse! So the nag wins by six or seven Cadillac lengths, and "Bermuda" and me quit hugging each other and head for the pay-off window. 'Bermuda' gets in a short line, and when he gets to the window, three big guys 'collar' him. I tell you it happened so fast, I didn't have to blink even, because four big guys grabbed me too. Right away, I figure maybe it's a heist, but who would do such a crazy thing in such a crowd, and in broad daylight yet? To be safe I started to holler, Help! Help! We're being robbed! but one of these guys puts a badge under my smeller, and you know what? They was every one of them 'Horsemen'.

So they took us to some office, 'fanned' us, come up with the 'grouch bag', and two of them start 'burning' the 'lines'. I still don't know what the pinch is for, but worried I'm not, because in the 'grouch bag' we got enough 'lines' to bail out a platoon. So when the 'pony soldiers' put the 'jewelery' on us, I ask the guy who is giving all the orders, what is the beef?

"You know very well what the charge is,!" he 'raps', 'We've been following your trail for the past month, and you have unloaded a lot of queer dough. Now all we want is the plates, so cough 'em up and we'll see that you don't get hit too hard."

Sick! Never was I sicker: and trouble we ain't got enough of yet, this cop wants plates I never even seen already. So, on account of we're holding out our pooney plates, we get no break, and nobody would believe me when I tried to tell them I 'dipped' a guy and the bogus 'lines' was in his 'leather'. The Judge, all of his teeth should fall out except one, and it should give him a toothache, laughed and when he stopped laughing gave Shwartzie a saw-buck and me 15 years

For the next seven years, every time I see this jerk partner of mine, I'm going to think of where we'd be if this 'geek from a ten-in-one hadn't bet that plug. And you know something? The only thing that bothers him is he never got his 'gelt' from the pay-off window.

"Yeah," said "Bermuda" "and at 12 to 1 yet."

#### Guide to Shady's Colloquy

|                                         |                                 |
|-----------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Mockie—Yiddish for greenhorn.           | Red tip—Very large crowd        |
| Whiz mob—pickpockets                    | Bit—jail term                   |
| Mechanic—the actual pickpocket          | Lines—money                     |
| Cush—soft                               | Tear down—carnivalese for leave |
| Weed—get rid of                         | Fan—search                      |
| G-note—\$ 1000.                         | Leather—wallet                  |
| C-note—\$ 100.                          | Horsemen—mounties               |
| Clout—steal                             | Pit—inside coat pocket          |
| Pratt—hip pocket                        | Blitch—side trouser pocket      |
| Blade—razor to cut garmets              | Pit—inside coat pocket          |
| Geek—phoney carnival freak              | Lamps—eyes                      |
| Twist—girl                              | Gelt—money                      |
| Collar—grab                             | Jewelery—handcuffs              |
| Grouch bag—bag or wallet to carry money |                                 |

# Committee Chit-Chat

Ray Merasty

Ed Hashka

Ivan Brown



At this writing we have completed half of our term in office. Though at times the office of inmate representation has been stormy, we have indeed weathered the storms well so far.

There have been occasions when it has been stated that there have been too few movies, and we would like to counter this complaint by saying that you the inmate population as a whole, chose us to assume the responsibilities of a committee dedicated to your welfare. Movies cost money, and sadly enough they do not constitute the only expenditure in your behalf.

We are now nearing the fourth completed month of our summer programme which is softball, and considerable monies have been spent to assure that this summer would be enjoyed as much as possible under the circumstances. The Field Day, we have been told many times, was one of the best ever held here. So kindly bear with us, for shortly you will be seeing more movies than you can endure.

Your committee has several projects in mind that will soon become realities. The radio hook-up needs drastic revision and we intend to see the annoying and antiquated speaker system now in use, totally replaced by individual earphone sets, thus enabling those who wish to study or read in peace, to do so.

It is also our intention to provide tables suitable for card playing and we hope to hold a bridge tourney before November.

We are presently seeking official sanction from Ottawa to hold an evening All Star game for the entertainment of visitors. The visitors would be able to inspect our Hobby Craft displays leisurely, and this should greatly enhance our coffers, for we anticipate a record sale.

Another Boxing show will be held this fall prior to the nine month long Hockey season, which we hope will be a great one. As you can see, there are a great many pleasing events yet in store for you.

In conclusion, your committee would like to report that there is a balance of \$390 in the welfare fund, and if our plans materialize, we should increase the amount considerably.

We would also like to take this opportunity to thank those who have worked with us and aided our efforts in making the first half of our elected term successful.



# S P O R T S

## LEAGUE STANDINGS

### 'A' League Standings: 1960

| TEAM:   | WINS: | LOSSES: | TIES: | POINTS: |
|---------|-------|---------|-------|---------|
| Pirates | 12    | 9       | 0     | 24      |
| Yankees | 10    | 9       | 2     | 12      |
| Huskies | 7     | 11      | 2     | 16      |



### TOP TEN BATTERS: (minimum of 25 AB)

|    | NAME        | AB. | HITS | RUNS | AVERAGE |
|----|-------------|-----|------|------|---------|
| 1  | Huppie -P   | 49  | 20   | 18   | .408    |
| 2  | Popowich -P | 64  | 26   | 12   | .406    |
| 3  | Knobby -H   | 25  | 10   | 7    | .400    |
| 4  | McLean -Y   | 56  | 22   | 15   | .386    |
| 5  | Larry -P    | 41  | 15   | 3    | .366    |
| 6  | Baluk -P    | 66  | 22   | 11   | .333    |
| 7  | Boily -H    | 39  | 13   | 13   | .333    |
| 8  | Girdle -H   | 36  | 12   | 9    | .333    |
| 9  | Meccas -H   | 58  | 18   | 6    | .310    |
| 10 | Hayden -P   | 26  | 8    | 6    | .308    |

The Pirates, league leaders, led the league practically all through the season. Five of the team members earned a spot on the Top Ten Batters list. With their hitting power they could take all the honors in the finals.

Injuries have been bothering the second place Yankees for quite some time now, but, except for Hashka who is still having trouble with his ankle, they are back at full strength again.

The team to watch is the last place Huskies. Next to the Pirates, they have the most consistent and heaviest hitters in the league. It is possible that they will surprise everyone in the finals.



TEAM STANDINGS

| TEAM     | W  | L  | T | PTS. |
|----------|----|----|---|------|
| Wasps    | 12 | 6  | 0 | 24   |
| Beatniks | 8  | 8  | 2 | 18   |
| Orioles  | 8  | 9  | 1 | 17   |
| Sputniks | 6  | 11 | 1 | 13   |



TOP TEN BATTERS:

(minimum of 25 AB)

| NAME       | T        | AB | H  | R  | AVG. |
|------------|----------|----|----|----|------|
| Hutchinson | Beatniks | 46 | 24 | 13 | .522 |
| Allan      | Beatniks | 40 | 20 | 9  | .500 |
| Richardson | Orioles  | 62 | 26 | 14 | .436 |
| Benning    | Beatniks | 38 | 16 | 10 | .421 |
| Lavallee   | Orioles  | 41 | 17 | 4  | .391 |
| McLaughlin | Wasps    | 32 | 12 | 5  | .375 |
| Hamilton   | Orioles  | 43 | 15 | 13 | .372 |
| Gagnon     | Sputniks | 47 | 17 | 6  | .362 |
| Sargent    | Orioles  | 54 | 19 | 8  | .352 |
| Severight  | Sputniks | 37 | 13 | 10 | .351 |



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# LITTLE LEAGUE BALL

## NATS SWAMP AMERKS

*Richie Richardson*

Sunday, July 31st., saw the Little League All-Stars of Winnipeg make their annual appearance in S.M.P., and as in the Major League, the National was too much for the American League and spanked them to the tune of 9 to 5.

Stony's favorite Little Leaguer, 'Yogi' Davis, made his third appearance here for the Americans an impressive one as the little fella literally stole the show with his antics on the diamond. Yogi caught, pitched, hit and stole bases with monotonous regularity, and in my book was the outstanding player of the day.

Rickie Skelton, a miniature Nellie Fox, was another Little Leaguer who caught the eye and was equally impressive behind the plate as he was on second.

For the Nats, Jackie Faulkes was the big threat. His lethal bat supplied the punch for the victors and when the Amerks threatened in the closing innings, it was the same Mr. Faulkes who stepped out on the pitching mound to put out the fire.

Ray DeMontigny was the pick of the rest of the Nat Stars, holding in check the Amerk sluggers until tiring in the latter innings. The little guy registered 8 strike-outs along the way.

After the game, Christy Brown thanked the Little Leaguers and visitors for taking the time to come out to entertain us. Christy then called on Yogi Davis to say a few words as this is Yogi's last year of Little League ball, and he responded by thanking everyone for the warm welcome he recieved.

From this seat, I would say the diminutive Mr. Davis has a very promising career ahead of him in baseball.

The American League opened the scoring in the bottom of the first inning on a single by Yogi Davis, who then stole second and third and romped home on a wild pitch.

The Nationals came roaring back in the top of the second stanza with three big runs on a single by Faulkes and three costly errors by the Amerks. This was all the Nats needed as they never looked back from here to the end of the game.

The Nationals added to their lead in the third on singles by Rhealt, Guyot & LaRivier. A double by Bibeau and a big triple off the bat of Jackie Faulkes, this gave the Nats another five runs and an 8 to 1 cushion.

The Nats picked up their last run in the top of the sixth on singles by Doiron and Rhealt and a ground rule double by Faulkes.

The Amerks put together three hits for four runs before Faulkes came in to put an end to the rally. Singles by Rickie Skelton, Yogi Davis and a base-clearing triple from the bat of Bruce Young.

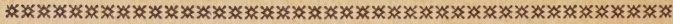
It was mentioned after the game that it might be an idea for the inmates of Stony to sponsor a Little League team and have them play their home games at our park each Saturday. The more I think of the idea, the better it sounds. Could be food for thought through the winter months. 30.





## Manitoba Clothing Edges Giants 6 - 4

*Richie Richardson*



In a game cut to eight innings because of security reasons, the Manitoba Clothing hung onto an early lead to edge the local Giants 6-4. For the Giants, Paquin went the distance on the mound with Mike Baluk handling the catching chores. Ben Yakolashik started for the visitors and was relieved by McLaughlin in the eighth. Neil Fenton started behind the plate but was replaced by Harvey Pronyk in the sixth after Fenton had sprained his ankle stretching a hit. X-Rays in the local hospital showed no break in the ankle and Fenton should be back in action in a month or so.

Manitoba Clothing got their first two runs in the top of the first on a walk to Ed Kerlyk, Sobkowich's double and a single by Johnny Kuklicia.

The Giants replied in their half of the inning on a walk to Huppie, sacrifices by Condon and Watcher, then a booming double by Hayden.

Manitoba Clothing picked up an unearned run in the top of the second on a walk to Alymer Kerlyk, a stolen base and a Giant error.

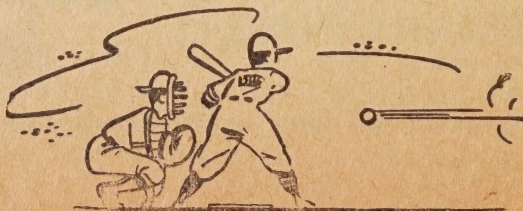
The Giants replied in their half on a walk to Proulx and a long double by the pitcher, Paquin. The locals threatened but could do no better than a single run.

The visitors grabbed another pair of runs in the top of the fifth on a double by Finton and a single by McLaughlin and Yakolashik.

The remainder of the scoring was taken care of in the seventh inning with Manitoba Clothing picking up a single run on singles by Kuklicia, Yakolashik and McLaughlin along with one Giant blooper.

In the Giant half of the seventh, they came up with a mild rally pushing across a pair of runs on singles by Condon, Baluks double and a single by Watcher.

Umpires for the day were: Jack Chisholm behind the plate, Christy Brown at third and Ken Ducharme at first....30







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